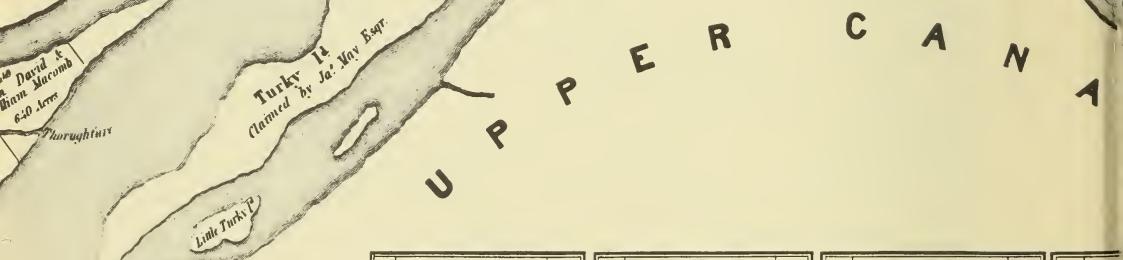


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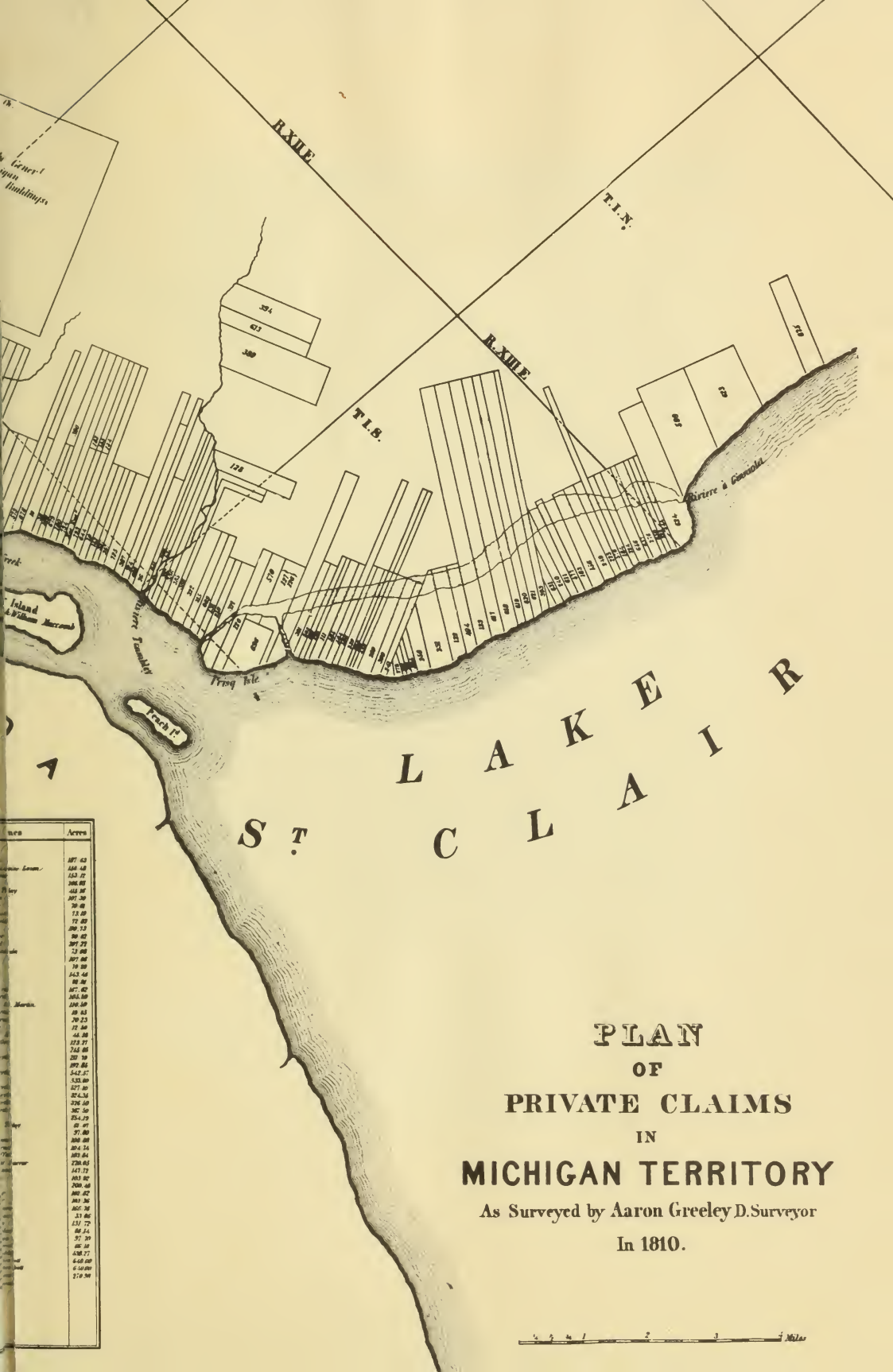
Clarence Monroe Burton

Detroit's Historian





No	Names	Acres	No	Names	Acres	No	Names	Acres	No	Names	Acres
River aux Escores											
112	J B Leduc	49.29	52	John Doudanard	292.20	532	John William & David March	102.64	170	J B Lavoie	102.64
115	Joseph Delorme	136.38	470	Robert Goss	100.00	530	John William & David March	61.00	600	Amos Lavoie	61.00
116	John Delorme	68.65	471	Joseph Delorme	152.36	531	John William & David March	102.64	601	Amos Lavoie	102.64
117	Isidore Leduc	136.38	33	Provenca Francis	78.82	532	John William & David March	102.64	602	Amos Lavoie	102.64
118	J B Delorme	78.82	34	Provenca Francis	78.82	533	John William & David March	102.64	603	Amos Lavoie	102.64
119	Thomas St-John	33.60	35	John Delorme	78.82	534	John William & David March	102.64	604	Amos Lavoie	102.64
120	James St-John	33.60	36	Joseph Leduc	270.07	535	John William & David March	102.64	605	Amos Lavoie	102.64
121	Thomas St-John	33.60	37	Joseph Leduc	270.07	536	John William & David March	102.64	606	Amos Lavoie	102.64
122	Thomas St-John	33.60	38	Joseph Leduc	270.07	537	John William & David March	102.64	607	Amos Lavoie	102.64
123	Thomas St-John	33.60	39	Joseph Leduc	270.07	538	John William & David March	102.64	608	Amos Lavoie	102.64
124	Thomas St-John	33.60	40	Joseph Leduc	270.07	539	John William & David March	102.64	609	Amos Lavoie	102.64
125	Thomas St-John	33.60	41	Joseph Leduc	270.07	540	John William & David March	102.64	610	Amos Lavoie	102.64
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127	Thomas St-John	33.60	43	Joseph Leduc	270.07	542	John William & David March	102.64	612	Amos Lavoie	102.64
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Acres	Acres
387.62	387.62
144.48	144.48
153.17	153.17
300.88	300.88
444.88	444.88
307.38	307.38
39.48	39.48
118.88	118.88
19.88	19.88
80.12	80.12
80.12	80.12
387.71	387.71
11.88	11.88
387.88	387.88
38.88	38.88
143.48	143.48
80.12	80.12
387.88	387.88
306.88	306.88
80.88	80.88
20.23	20.23
71.88	71.88
44.88	44.88
714.88	714.88
20.19	20.19
387.88	387.88
142.57	142.57
11.88	11.88
127.88	127.88
324.54	324.54
228.48	228.48
387.50	387.50
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80.47	80.47
37.88	37.88
388.88	388.88
384.54	384.54
188.88	188.88
238.88	238.88
147.71	147.71
188.88	188.88
208.48	208.48
388.88	388.88
383.38	383.38
387.38	387.38
11.88	11.88
151.71	151.71
84.14	84.14
37.39	37.39
48.71	48.71
448.88	448.88
448.88	448.88
218.38	218.38

PLAN
OF
PRIVATE CLAIMS
IN
MICHIGAN TERRITORY
As Surveyed by Aaron Greeley D. Surveyor
In 1810.



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I.H.S.



Clarence Monroe Burton

Detroit's Historian



CLARENCE MONROE BURTON
1853 - 1932

*Scholar, Businessman
Friend to Students
Collector of Source Materials
on the Old Northwest*

Clarence Monroe Burton

Detroit's Historian

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY

Patricia Owens Burton



Published by

BURTON ABSTRACT & TITLE COMPANY

Detroit, Michigan



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Illustration on cover:

"View of Detroit, 1794," from a water color by an unknown British Army officer. Presented to the City of Detroit by Lady Nancy Astor. Now owned by the Burton Historical Collection of the Detroit Public Library.

Illustration on end papers:

Plan of Private Claims in Michigan Territory, as surveyed by Aaron Greeley in 1810. From an engraving in the Burton Historical Collection of the Detroit Public Library.

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Preface

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the late Clarence Monroe Burton will fall on November the eighteenth of this year. The Directors of the Burton Abstract and Title Co., which Mr. Burton founded, feel that the event should be marked in some suitable way and have decided that a biography of Mr. Burton should be prepared and published.

The task of preparing the biography was assigned to Patricia Owens Burton, the wife of Edson N. Burton, a grandson of the late C. M. Burton. Since the work of preparing the manuscript was started Edson N. Burton has succeeded his father, the late Ralph Burton, as president of the Company.

The author of this work never knew C. M. Burton and is therefore able to write more objectively than one who knew him during his life. Her information has been obtained by a study of manuscripts, journals, old newspapers and similar records supplemented by interviews with those who knew him.

C. M. Burton spent most of his life gathering and preserving the records of the City of Detroit and it seems appropriate that a record of his life should be preserved for the people of Detroit.

THE BURTON ABSTRACT AND TITLE CO.

By Frank Burton,
Chairman of the Board

Detroit

August 1953

Chapter I

THE GREAT motor city, Detroit, has celebrated recently its 250th Anniversary. The celebrants were widely varied between those full of hope and courage and those who think that world conditions are too hopeless ever to be righted. Atomic destruction, economic degeneracy, and world upheaval. How are they so different from the hardships that our ancestors faced? In 1953 Clarence Monroe Burton would have celebrated his hundredth anniversary, and he would have had an answer for the defeatists. His story began back with the '49ers and their thrilling search for a new life.

The middle years of the nineteenth century were interesting to everyone as the great new country of America grew and expanded, but the brave pioneers who traveled toward the west, searching for gold, were probably the most colorful of all the people in our history. In 1853, a caravan of sixteen wagons started out from Battle Creek, Michigan. With this group was Charles Seymour Burton, young doctor and newspaper editor, his loyal and courageous wife, Annie Monroe, a poetess of some local fame, and their young son, Charles Francis. They had moved from their home state of New York in 1849 and had become prominent citizens of the small Michigan town. Dr. Burton founded the

Battle Creek *Journal*. Annie, believed to be related to President James Monroe, wrote many poems which were printed in *Harper's Monthly*, *Godey's Lady Book*, and various newspapers. Neither she nor her husband had ever experienced such an undertaking before, or anything to compare with it.

Long on the road, their caravan reached the Bret Harte country when the gold rush was heavy. They had started with horses but switched on the way to oxen. The trip was tedious, but Charles had reserved one saddle horse for Annie. Upon reaching their destination, they immediately set up residence in a homemade log cabin. The town where they settled was called Whiskey Diggings, and it was situated on the Feather River in Sierra County. They were 85 miles from Marysville and 400 miles from San Francisco. Here, surrounded by rough miners, mostly Indians and Chinese, Annie gave birth to her second son. Clarence Monroe Burton entered the world on November 18, 1853, assisted only by an old miner called "Joe" Stender. It was a stormy, snowy day, and Dr. Burton had gone over the mountain to care for another patient.

Although his mining ventures were successful, Charles soon tired of this rugged living and planned to return to his eastern home. In later years Clarence wrote, "Father was desirous of returning to the States." In 1854 they sailed from San Francisco on the *Yankee Blade* bound for Panama. Annie boarded the ship with a small son on each side and a large gold nugget sewed into the hem of her dress. There had been a three-way partnership in Whiskey Diggings among Dr. Burton, "Joe" Stender, and Griffin Hazard, and when they dissolved the partnership, Dr. Burton bought the nugget, which was almost lost in the adventure encountered aboard the *Yankee Blade*. It was discovered, after the ship was on its way, that a band of criminals aboard intended to seize the ship and rob the passengers. This was accomplished on the second day out and resulted in the sinking of the ship and drowning of many passengers. Those who survived lived on

oysters and clams until they were spotted. The captain of the *Goliath* saw them and carried word to the steamer *Pacific* which came to their rescue. All of the Burtons survived, but between the weight of the nugget and that of the baby, Clarence, Annie was nearly a casualty. She and the child were taken to the house that Helen Hunt Jackson referred to as "the marriage place of Ramona" in "Old Town," San Diego. Father and elder son later joined them. The Vigilance Committee eventually captured most of the thieves. In San Diego Charles bought a team of oxen and a wagon which they used to drive back to San Francisco.

After this trying experience, they remained in San Francisco until 1855, when they returned to New York by way of the Cape. After selling the nugget in New York for \$825, they celebrated a joyous reunion with the Monroes. There was much visiting of relatives and displaying of grandchildren, and, of course, they told the thrilling stories of their western trip over and over again. Finally, the holiday was ended, and they returned to Hastings, Michigan, where William, Ella, and Edward eventually were added to the family. However, these three could never boast of the exciting early life of Charles and Clarence.

In the small community of Hastings, Clarence Burton grew up and received his primary education in the Hastings Village School. His father continued his medical practice, including homeopathy and surgery, and found time to begin a second newspaper, the *Hastings Banner*. They lived on a 27-acre farm on the outskirts of town. One day when Clarence was three years old an Indian came to the house. Clarence and his brother Charles, then seven, were all alone. They were not frightened, though, as the Indians were quite harmless at that time. Stealing was their only reputed crime as the days of scalping had passed. However, this Indian was quite inebriated, so as he staggered through the door, the boys stepped back and remained quiet. Their guest sat down by the fire and began stuffing his mouth with some corn meal that had been left to dry. As he became full, he grew sleepy, and when

he began to nod lazily, they crept by him and out the door. Then they ran to the woods for Brewster, the hired man, who returned to the house and aided the Indian back to fresh air with the toe of his boot. In the melee, a whiskey bottle fell to the floor. It was emptied and during all the years that the Burtons lived in Hastings the bottle was used for cut flowers.

Another day the men were busy threshing wheat. In the midst of their work, they dropped Clarence into the wheat bin to test the bottom for holes. While he was inside, an old Indian chief approached his father and asked if he could have the boy. Dr. Burton said that he would trade Clarence for a pony, and they undertook to finish the bargain. The matter was left to the child and he agreed to go with the Indian. They could not decide, however, whether Clarence should have the pony or it should belong to his father, so the whole thing was dropped, much to the disappointment of the boy and the general amusement of the adults.

And so passed Clarence's childhood, much like that of any other normal boy, attended by small tragedies and some fame in the fields of baseball and marbles.

Chapter II

*I*N THE FALL of 1869, Clarence Burton entered the University of Michigan, where his brother, Charles, was already in residence. He must have felt the same sensation of awe that creeps over each student who first becomes a part of that great institution. Probably, in all of the United States, there is no town so beautiful as Ann Arbor when the leaves first take on their autumn colors.

To Clarence, Ann Arbor was a new and better world than anything he had known before. Unlike most of the sons of Hastings he never had any desire to return. Hastings had to him meant too much hard and distasteful work.

Clarence was a studious boy little given to the frivolities that occupy the attention of many young people. He welcomed the opportunity to study and to be associated with men of education. To the end of his life he retained a deep affection for Ann Arbor. At first he started with science, but after three years of study, he turned his interests to another field. Among his early notes there are some from a course called "An Introduction to English Literature." Typical of the inconsistencies of boyhood, he devotes an entire section to the causes of poor spelling, and, in so doing, spells "versatility" "versitillity" and "accuracy" "acrucy."

In 1872 he entered the Law Department of the University, and two years later he received his degree. It was many years before he received his Liberal Arts diploma, however. Because of the large enrollment that the University has always boasted and the high cost of materials on such a scale (even at that time), it was necessary to charge an extra sum for the famed sheepskin. Always an economical fellow, Clarence refused to pay this sum. Nevertheless, years later (after the Burton name had become famous) the University awarded him the diploma. He refused to make the journey to receive it, and so it was accepted by his eldest daughter, Agnes.

Despite his singularly serious nature, these college years did not slip by without some of the normal upsets that a student will encounter. There was an abrupt interruption in Clarence's college life when he was asked, along with several other boys, to remove himself from the campus. The story, although it has many versions, seems definitely to center around Van Amburgh's circus. For some reason, the boys had words with the circus attendants and the words soon progressed into a conflict of flailing hands and arms. The circus men were larger, older and better experienced in such matters and so accomplished a rapid victory. One or two of the students were bruised in the tussle, and they all left with bitter feelings. Whether or not it was coincidence, the following day found some of the animals wandering far from their cages and making themselves at home in the streets of Ann Arbor. Clarence insisted, whenever the story was told, that he had nothing to do with the matter, but research shows that he left the university quietly along with the other boys. A reminiscence of the class of '73 reported that C. M. Burton "left for incurring the displeasure of the faculty by bolting his regular recitation to take a one-day course in zoology under Van Amburgh."

During the following year he did some astronomical work with Prof. James C. Watson and spent the rest of the time in teaching.

Back in school and studying law, Clarence was required to

present a test case. His fellow student in the case was Thomas Bradley. They concocted a suit that involved the transporting of a thousand dollars worth of white flour, and did such an excellent job of putting it over that there was some confusion around town about the actual existence of such an arrangement.

On Christmas Day in the year 1872, while still in Law School, Clarence married Harriet Jane Nye, daughter of Nelson B. Nye, United States Marshal. There were eight children born to this marriage. The first, Mary Agnes, was born while they were still in Ann Arbor.

Clarence came to Detroit alone in 1874. The town then consisted of 80,000 people. He was too young to be admitted to the Bar, and he began his working career with much too modest a salary to care for a wife and child. His work was with the Lake Survey where he used some of the knowledge gained from Professor Watson. Harriet remained with her family until a better prospect was in sight. To overcome his loneliness, Clarence spent many evenings standing in front of the Biddle House on Jefferson Avenue where he could hear the music from Charles M. Welch's band. Welch was also the owner of a variety theater, but Clarence had no money for amusements of that sort. Occasionally, he and George Gartner (who was later a Judge of the Circuit Court) would go to a saloon on Randolph and Congress, but Clarence did not enjoy this as he never drank beer or any alcoholic beverage. He went willingly to a place on Monroe Street, though, because the proprietor, a man named George H. Gies, played the "orchestration."

On November 19, 1874, Clarence was licensed to practice law in Wayne County, having turned twenty-one on the previous day. He then went to work with Ward and Palmer where he was to receive a yearly salary of \$100. Still, by gaining extra employment and sleeping on a cot in the office where he worked, he managed to buy a book or two and even to save a small portion. When he boosted his yearly income to \$300, he summoned the courage to bring his wife and child to Detroit. They lived in a three-room

house at 83 Henry Street, where they existed almost entirely on bread and molasses. For one whole year they did not have a scrap of meat or butter. Later in life, when some would point to Clarence Burton's wealth and imply that he did not understand the problems of the poor, he would refer to this early poverty.

After awhile, they managed to save \$10 to pay down on a contract for a house on Walnut Street between 7th and 9th (now Brooklyn and Trumbull). The owner was Peter Updike, and he set the price of the house at \$1800. It was difficult to pay off this amount on such a meager income, but the needs of the Burtons were simple as theirs was a quiet life. They went out very seldom, even in later years when it would have been more possible. Of course, it was uncomfortable to travel by streetcar in those days because the cars were unheated and pulled, rather unsteadily, by horses. Clarence was always very much interested in public transportation, and he noted that, at this time, Saginaw had streetcars heated by wood stoves. However, partly because of thrift and partly by choice, Clarence never rode anywhere if he could walk instead. When economy was no longer so necessary, he would often remark that the streetcars were so crowded that he did not like to put an additional strain on the horse.

Hard work and concentrated saving finally showed some results, and in 1881, Clarence and Harriet moved from Corktown to the more aristocratic Brady Street. At that time, the Brush Farm ran between Brady and Watson Streets and the land that is so crowded now was then used for grazing cows. The Burtons had become a family of five as Charles had been born in 1876, and Clarence in 1878. It was typical that the first born should have been named for Clarence's beloved older brother.

John Ward was a well known attorney and partner in the firm of Ward and Palmer. Although he spent his entire life a bachelor, he had many friends and was held in great esteem by all who knew him. Originally as an employer and later as a guiding friend, he did much to aid Clarence Burton to fame and financial success.

In 1866 Ward and his nephew, Eugene Skinner, started an office to make abstracts of title. By the time Clarence was employed by Ward the abstract records were collected, and soon after Clarence was persuaded to join the company. As far as Skinner was concerned, his heart was never in the abstract business. It was his first job after leaving the Federal Army where he had served as a captain. His ambition was to be a doctor of medicine. Consequently, when he began his studies, he sold his share of the concern to Clarence who was doing the actual running of the business. Little did they know that their "enfant trouvé" would grow into one of the largest abstract businesses in the country.

Chapter III

DEVOTING HIMSELF wholeheartedly to the abstract business, C. M. Burton grew to be a noted authority on real estate. Even at the beginning, Ward and Skinner gave him much of the responsibility of the business.

John Ward had lived a solitary and lonely life. He was a familiar figure among Detroit businessmen. Because of one crippled leg, he walked with a limp and leaned heavily upon a walking stick. Probably because of this affliction, he never married. Casual acquaintances thought him a stern and serious man, but many people whose lives had touched Ward's would deny such a conclusion. At times he felt towards Clarence Burton as father to son, as his attentions to the Burton family proved. Once a week, he would send a carriage from the livery stable to take Mrs. Burton and the children for a ride. He sent concert tickets and remembered each of their birthdays. At once, he was a kindhearted friend and a hardhearted businessman.

The firm of Ward and Palmer had made a specialty of extending loans on real estate securities, and C. M.'s job was to examine the land titles. His nights were spent in the examination of abstracts, and he seemed to have a natural knack for the work. It was this experience and a natural adaptation that gave John Ward the

confidence to put his business into Clarence Burton's hands.

In 1883 Clarence was admitted by Ward and Skinner as a partner and later he bought all of John Ward's interest. In 1891 he organized the Burton Abstract Company. For many years the business failed to show a profit, but C. M. was indomitable and, as Detroit grew, he grew with it. He was known as an austere employer, but he drove himself as severely as he did all who worked with him, and he was respected and loved. In regard to detail of every sort, he was relentless, and he had no patience with the slovenly or the slothful. However, for those who lived up to his expectations, he would go to any lengths. There was never a labor problem of any sort in Clarence Burton's business because he trusted those he employed as he did his family. It is true that he demanded and disciplined, but he also cared for his people. When the city sold tickets to be used for the streetcars, C. M. bought them in large quantities and distributed them to his help. It would be impossible to guess how many times he helped a needy person with individual assistance and money from his own pocket.

Many of those who are still employed at the Burton Abstract and Title Company can remember the days when C. M. Burton would arrive at the stroke of eight every morning, stride briskly through the front door with the carriage of a military man, and call each person sharply by name as he passed. Arriving in his office, he would remove his hat and coat, put on an alpaca coat, adjust his black tie and stiff wing collar, and rapidly begin his day's work. His business called for precision, and his personality fitted his needs. He kept every account personally in his own handwriting.

In 1893 the office was moved from 11 Lafayette (the present Transportation Bldg.) where it had been since 1874 to the Home Bank Building which is now the Industrial Bank at Michigan and Griswold. Julia Michaels, who was employed at the Congress Street location until 1952, remembers the old building and tells of receiving five dollars weekly for her services. After one year she timidly

approached C. M. Burton for a raise, and was given an additional one dollar a week. After forty-seven years of working for the Burtons, Miss Michaels still spoke of C. M. with awe and some apprehension. She told of the days when she and Fanny Thomas would cautiously wait for C. M. to go to lunch, in order to carry out such mischief as warming a pan of water on the radiator, and of how they would both quiver with fear if he called them in for consultation. One day Miss Michaels was reduced to tears at C. M.'s scolding concerning a sheriff's deed. It was on this occasion that she discovered his gentler side for he relaxed his expression and apologized for his gruff manner.

In 1914, having grown too big for its quarters, the company moved to the Free Press Building, and in 1919, on to the Randolph Building. George Heartwell joined the company at that time, working in the office of the Register of Deeds. Except for an interruption during the First World War, he has been with the company ever since and, at this writing, heads the Abstract Department. Rudolph Schmidt started with George as a messenger boy, and until his death in 1953, was an integral part of the company in his job as examining attorney.

One of the great thrills of C. M. Burton's life came in 1924 when he moved into the Burton Building. As he arranged his treasured books on the shelves and prepared to do business on his own property, he looked around proudly and thought, "This is the symbol of my ideals and the result of my labors." And so it was then and still is today.

Chapter IV

ON JANUARY 2, 1886, a deed was recorded which indicated the purchase by C. M. Burton of property on the south side of Brainard Street. This property, formerly a section of the Cass Farm, was to be a very important part of C. M. Burton's life, as well as an important contribution to the city of Detroit. Here the rest of the Burton children were born, and here was the real beginning of the famous book collection.

Two more sons, Fred and Louis, had been born on Brady Street, Fred in 1882 and Louis in 1884, and shortly after their move to Brainard Street, Frank joined the family. Frank Burton is now Chairman of the Board of Directors of the company.

It seemed that all through his life, Clarence Burton was settling the affairs left muddled by others. There lived on the north side of Brainard Street directly across from the Burtons a family of four, Edward and Augusta Adams, and their two small daughters. Although neighbors for many years, the two men could never have been called friends. Consequently, it was strange that when Edward Adams lay on his death bed, he called Clarence Burton to his side. "My little girls," he pleaded, "please take care of my little girls." Clarence promised that he would and this promise was fulfilled. He acted as guardian for the Adams girls until they were both married.

In fact, they came to him and asked his advice before they promised to marry.

It was after moving to Brainard Street that C. M. Burton began to take an active interest in politics and civic affairs. He defined himself as a Republican when necessary but actually was independent in his beliefs. W. K. Kelsey, the Commentator of the *Detroit News*, once said he was "the most independent man in a time when there were many individualists in public life . . . independent and indefatigable." His energy was indescribable. He walked, sometimes four times a day, the distance between his home and office.

On May 9, 1890, the *Detroit News* Scientific Editor playfully summed up some of the town's prominent men in one sentence:

Alanson Sheley — "Human vigor defying the inevitable."

D. J. Campau — "Trotters, newspapers, politics and single-blessedness."

Mayor Pingree — "Gondolas, youthful exuberance of spirits, prosperity, cement, and a general rattling around."

C. M. Burton — "An antiquarian keeping step with the nineteenth century."

On August 15, 1890, C. M. Burton's sixth son was born and was named Ralph. Just before Ralph's birth, Clarence made a trip to Whiskey Diggings accompanied by his mother and Agnes. It was then necessary to hire a private conveyance to get from Marysville over the mountains to Gibsonville and Whiskey Diggings. Unfortunately, very little of historic interest was gained by the trip.

C. M. was always nervous when away from his business, and that year he hurried home only to become involved in a lawsuit. The City Treasurer, a man named Tuite, had refused him the right to examine and copy city records and stubs of orders. Taking it to the Supreme Court, C. M. won a decision that made public records accessible to the public at all times. Mr. Tuite was fined \$25 for contempt of court. The newspapers called the decision "very sound." Not letting the matter drop at this point, C. M.

appeared before the Committee of Ways and Means and objected to the Council's reimbursing the City Treasurer for the fine.*

More and more, the name of Burton was turning up in the news. The *Detroit News*, at that time, ran a cartoon called "People We Meet." On June 14, 1891, there was a drawing of two men in conversation and the caption read, "C. M. Burton lends an ear and hears a tale of woe." The other man in the cartoon was Frank Egan.

The next child born to the Burton family was Harriet, named for her mother and the last child her mother was to have.

With so many children to care for, his hobby of book collecting, and a business that was all consuming, it was almost unbelievable that C. M. Burton could find time for anything more. However, in 1895 he began his writing, bringing forth as his first effort, *A Sketch of the Life of Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, Founder of Detroit*. Another published work soon followed which was called *A Chapter in the History of Cleveland*. The job of collecting books and historical items was well under way by this time, but an entirely separate chapter must be reserved to describe the resulting treasures. The difference between Burton and most collectors was that he never hoarded the things that he found. He wanted them used to best advantage. His generosity came into light when he donated to the University of Michigan, Stevens' *Facsimiles of European Archives Relating to American Affairs at the Era of the Revolution*. In recognition of this, the University awarded him the Bachelor of Science Degree and later the Master of Arts, *nunc pro tunc*.

Shortly after this, he took office as Detroit School Inspector which job he held for 17 years.

One day, as he was working diligently on his books, a caller arrived, and introduced himself as Charles W. Seabury. He showed Clarence a gold watch which had been given to his father by the survivors of the *Yankee Blade*. The elder Seabury had been captain of the steamer *Pacific*, the ship that had rescued the victims from

*Burton vs. Tuite 78 Mich 363; 80 Mich 218.

their island. Charles was a traveling salesman, and his home was in Detroit. He had learned about C. M. Burton from John Edwards who was consulting engineer for the Detroit Water Works at that time. Edwards had been the engineer on the *Yankee Blade* at the time of the accident. Later, with the help of John Edwards, Clarence found the old miner from Whiskey Diggings who had assisted at his birth. Later this man (Joe Stender) went to live on a farm near Hastings belonging to Dr. Charles S. Burton where he spent the remainder of his life.

John Edwards was a very important man in the history of the Detroit Water Works. He designed and installed the large pumps at the Jefferson Avenue plant so admired by boys of Detroit in the 1890's. He remained a lifelong friend of Dr. Burton and the doctor made frequent trips from Hastings to Detroit, ostensibly to visit his sons, Charles and Clarence, but actually he spent most of his time in the pump house at the Water Works.

Chapter V

REAL TRAGEDY entered his life for the first time on February 6, 1896, when Harriet (Nye) Burton died, leaving Clarence the lonely father of eight children. He lost himself in his work, and soon finished the writing of *Cadillac's Village or Detroit Under Cadillac*, which included a list of Detroit property owners from 1707-1710. On July 11th, 1896, Evacuation Day was celebrated. This was the one hundreth anniversary of the departure of the British and the raising of the American flag in Detroit on July 11, 1796. C. M. published a book about it which sold for a dollar and fifty cents a copy.

The following year, again choosing Christmas for his wedding day, Clarence married Lina O. (Shoemaker) Grant. Although their life together was very brief, her influence persuaded him to go forward in public life.

An alderman named Sumner was being highly criticized for trying to hold down so many jobs at once, and so Clarence was convinced that he should run for the office. However, on June 4, 1897, he wrote the following letter to the *Free Press*:

"In the morning's paper you make mention of my name in connection with the aldermanship of the second ward. It would doubtless be a high honor conferred on anyone to represent the

wealthiest ward in the city, but I would respectfully withdraw my name from connection with the office.

For some time I have examined, with such care as an outsider can examine, the proceedings of our common council and I have found its transactions so directly contrary to my ideas of the proper management of municipal affairs, that I know that my advent in the council would only result in useless votes on my part, and continued disappointment.

My ideas are that no more public improvements should be made, at the present time, than are absolutely necessary for the preservation of the property now owned by the city, and that the utmost economy should be exercised in all departments of the municipality.

The tendency of the council now is to make work for the purpose of giving employment to laborers otherwise unemployed, and the result is that our taxes have been increased until the burden is almost unbearable, and the doors of our city have been thrown open and an invitation extended to the unemployed of Michigan, our neighboring states and Canada, to come here and be supported at the expense of the better class of people, the taxpayers of Detroit.

There are some good men in the council, but there are not enough to control, and I do not believe that my vote would to any great extent assist in the needed reform, and in lowering the tax rate at this time.

I can only wait and hope that our people, the taxpayers, will come to their senses before it is too late.

Every land owner curses the council when he pays his taxes, and I don't want to be included in their number.

C. M. B."

The day after this bold message was printed, another followed that agreed with everything that Clarence had said. Not being so brave or so honest, the second letter writer signed himself "Taxpayer."

On the morning of Ralph's eighth birthday, C. M. and Lina left on a four weeks journey through the east. They took a boat downriver, to Toledo, and strangely enough, it was Mr. Burton's first visit there. Stopping for the night, they visited an amusement park and C. M. wrote home that "it gave evidence to fair patronage of hosts of beer drinkers . . . and the merry-go-round proprietor yelled 'all-abound' whenever his horses were riderless." In spite of his own serious nature, C. M. Burton's letters to his children were always filled with lively pictures of things that would be interesting to their young minds.

Two weeks after they returned from this trip, Lina Burton discovered that she would need an operation. Although they were assured that the operation was not a serious one, death followed just thirty-six hours after it was performed. Once again Clarence Burton was left to go on alone.

Chapter VI

IT HAS often been said that every man needs a hobby, and at this time of great sorrow, C. M.'s historical library was a great comfort to him. Furthermore, the collection, which had grown from his youthful resolution to buy a book a day, was beginning to claim world-wide fame. In 1899 Charles Moore, a distinguished historian of Detroit who was Chief of the Manuscripts Division of the Library of Congress, went to B. F. Stevens of London, an agent to the American Historical Society, to procure some papers that had belonged to Colonel Henry Hamilton, the British Officer from whom General George Rogers Clark won the territory known as the Old Northwest. Stevens referred Mr. Moore back to C. M. Burton.

This same year produced one of C. M.'s most famous works, *In the Footsteps of Cadillac*.

Books were always sacred things to Clarence Burton, and he handled all of his collection with the utmost care, but he always welcomed scholars, and even the casual searcher, to his library. In fact, he advertised in the City Directory that students and other collectors were invited to peruse the books and documents. He had a special fireproof addition built on the Brainard Street house especially for the library and included in this section was an iron

spiral staircase. One day when Frank was about thirteen years old, he and Mannie George Frank (a lifetime friend who now does the advertising for the Burton Abstract and Title Company) crept up the iron staircase. Finding C. M. away, the boys flourished their wooden swords and proceeded to duel on the stairs in true knightly fashion. Suddenly, to their dismay, an austere figure appeared at the head of the staircase. C. M. had returned. Instead of punishing them, however, he laughed it off, and put them to work opening and sorting cases of books. This was a daily chore as books poured in constantly from Canada, and from archives and dealers in London, France, and all parts of the United States. Having so many books and records, C. M. was frequently consulted by writers of Americana, and he gave freely of his time and information. He learned so much about genealogy that he answered pertinent questions through the *Detroit News Tribune*.

No amount of trouble was too much when it came to digging up the old documents that were to fill out the collection. When he learned of the existence of the John Askin papers, Clarence went after them with an old cart pulled by one horse. He found the papers in an abandoned chicken coop and rode home on top of them to insure their safe arrival. These were the original records kept by John Askin from 1760 to 1820 while he was a merchant, fur dealer, and commissary of the British Army in Detroit. Besides being of great interest, the papers cleared up many disputed points of the War of 1812. The Canadian Government tried to get them after C. M. had bid for them.

At the same time, he procured the original manuscript on the Chicago Massacre of August 15, 1812, as told by a survivor who had reached Detroit. This was sought by the Chicago Historical Society, which offered several thousand dollars for it, but C. M. refused to sell. Of course, in regard to Cadillac, the collection eventually included copies of everything available by and about him. Many of the other rarities of the Burton library were acquired by C. M.'s constant appeal through the papers for readers to bring

him books, pamphlets, printed sermons, etc. that could be termed Michigan works. When he discovered a document bearing the seal of Cadillac, he signed a blank check and forwarded it to Montreal. On occasion, a manuscript would turn up that was an heirloom and positively not for sale. At such times, he would wheedle permission to copy the document word for word, which he did himself in longhand, since this was before the common use of photostat and microfilm machines. Occasionally he used a camera.

When asked how he had started the collection, C. M. said that in the beginning, he had no particular goal but rather would collect things as they pertained to what he was studying. While he was learning about a certain period, he would trace all the original pamphlets, broadsides, portraits, and printed works on the subject. When that subject became tiresome or the material was exhausted, he would go on to another. Gradually he confined himself to America and finally to Michigan and Detroit.

The years between 1885 and 1907 were spent searching for and bidding on old books and manuscripts. After that the books became scarce, so more time was spent in reading them and writing. The search was not without obstacles, but after much persistence he overcame most of these. One example of such a triumph was gaining permission of entry into the War Department in Washington with a photographer. Months were spent in photographing military documents and correspondence, especially on the subject of the western operation of the War of 1812.

Chapter VII

*I*N THE late Spring of the year 1900, Clarence Burton again took a wife. She was his cousin and her name, by strange coincidence, was almost the same as that of his mother. Instead of Annie Monroe, it was Anna (Monroe) Knox. Mrs. Knox had four children by her former marriage, and, in 1901, she presented Clarence with a daughter, Elizabeth.

Whenever it was necessary to state his political party preference, C. M. referred to himself as a Republican. Although he was more a man of principle than of party loyalty, in 1903 he was announced as the Republican candidate for nomination to the Board of Regents of the University of Michigan. He felt a certain relief when he was not elected as he had planned an adventurous trip down the French River in Ontario.

Clarence, his son Frank, and John Wheeler Reid started on their trip in the Summer of 1904. John Reid had been a draftsman in the abstract office for many years until he went to the City Engineer's Office where he became the Grade Separation Engineer. Later he was City Engineer and eventually Commissioner of the Department of Public Works. After his retirement he served as Senator in the Michigan State Senate until his death in 1940. The three of them came close to representing three generations when

they started on their trip, as Clarence was 51, John 31, and Frank 18.

Clarence wanted to retrace the route taken by the French traders when they first came to Detroit. They decided to travel up the St. Lawrence River to Lake Ontario picking up their packs at Niagara. There they would cross to Lake Erie and go north to the site of Detroit. This was the route used by LaSalle, but later French traders had found another because in 1615 Champlain (then Governor of Canada) had incurred the wrath of the Iroquois Indians by interfering in a quarrel between the Iroquois and the Hurons. After that the French were not safe around Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, and so used a dangerous route from the mouth of the St. Lawrence up into Montreal, and through the Ottawa River to a small creek east of Lake Nipissing. Our travelers followed this path and made a land crossing to a small creek which almost ran through the town of Callender and from there into Lake Nipissing. There is still a bronze tablet by the roadside where the creek once crossed and led northward to the North Bay.

They continued west through Lake Nipissing to its outlet into the French River and then into the Georgian Bay across to Mackinac Island and south through Lake Huron to Detroit.

C. M. was familiar with the area from Detroit to Mackinac and Georgian Bay, but he wanted to learn more about the route from the Bay to Lake Nipissing. Consequently, they went by railroad to North Bay, Ontario, where they bought provisions for the rest of the journey. There were two birchbark canoes of Indian workmanship, one very well built and one rather bulky and awkward. Each was 16 feet long and cost \$16.00. They also purchased cooking utensils, blankets, tents, etc. They hired an Indian guide known only as Joe. He belonged to the North Bay Indians and C. M. believed him to be an Ottawa.

In North Bay they arranged for passage aboard a steamer which took them 22 miles to a waterfall where Lake Nipissing empties into the French River. This was known as La Grosse

Chaudiere which means the boiling caldron. They set up camp that night by the waterfall and C. M. cooked his first outdoor meal. It was not easy for him to sit on the ground and eat salt pork from a tin dish, but Frank and John loved the outdoor life and soon helped the older man to become oriented. Sleeping was hard for all of them as the ground was composed of Canadian granite. On the first morning Frank wandered a short distance from camp and heard a shout apparently from someone in distress. Running to the water's edge he found an Indian who had speared a sturgeon and was having trouble landing it. Frank came to his aid and they soon had the fish under control. The fisherman spoke no English but Joe soon arrived and acted as interpreter. They found that the old man was chief of the North Bay Indians and that his name was Dugas. He claimed to be 104 years old, and Frank learned two years later that he was still living. Joe defended his claim by stating that his own age was 56 and that Dugas had been an old grayhaired man when he had been a child.

Dugas owned the sixty-four square miles of reservation in his own right, except for the yellow pine timber reserved by the Canadian Government. He had turned down \$750,000 for the right to cut off the red or Norway pine because he said it would ruin the land for hunting game. Also he feared that such a large sum would tempt him to buy a house, and both of his sons had died of tuberculosis after buying houses. He lived in a wigwam and left it only once a week to spear a sturgeon, which he sold in North Bay for 75 cents. This enabled him to buy flour and bacon.

The bed of the French River lies through the Ontario batholith which is a huge granite formation. Much of this is uncovered, and earth has collected in the crevices allowing small trees to grow. In some places it is low enough for a thicket of trees but none of them grow to any size.

Frank was interested in the surrounding rock as he had had some training in minerology. Examining the rocks and crystals, he discovered that the country rock is a pink granite mostly composed

of pink microcline and white silica interspersed with mica and a few other minerals. Along the lower end of the French River close to where the railroad is now, he observed a granite cliff and in it a nugget of metallic copper almost spherical in form and about the size of a marble. It was too tightly imbedded to be dislodged, and, at any rate, probably did not indicate the presence of a mineral in commercial quantities, but nevertheless Frank was most surprised to see copper buried in granite.

The French River is a chain of irregular lakes so that sometimes it runs a definite course and at other times spreads out into a rocky expanse. The course was hard to determine except to Joe, and they made frequent stops to fish and look around.

They left La Grosse Chaudiere with Joe and C. M. in one boat and Frank and John in the other and soon encountered some rugged rocks. Joe slowed down to wait for Frank and advised him to keep close to the right side when passing the rocks. He then paddled on allowing Frank to follow about a hundred yards behind. When Frank passed the largest rock, his father and Joe were out of sight. There was nothing ahead but white, boiling water interspersed with jagged rocks. The boat was out of control and traveling at a rapid rate, but when Frank passed the next rock he saw his father's boat bobbing in the water ahead. He ceased paddling and concentrated on steering. There was smooth water to the right but only jagged rock to the left. Soon they were below the falls in still water and Frank breathed a deep sigh of relief as he had learned to shoot the rapids the hard way with no warning. This was the worst stretch in the entire trip.

It is only 60 miles from Lake Nipissing to French River Village on Georgian Bay but it took them three weeks to make the journey. They would divide the baggage between the two boats and stop as soon as they saw a good camping site. While Joe prepared supper (C. M. gave up the culinary detail after a few tries), the other three would fish and explore.

They saw very few humans until they reached the French River

Village, except for the lumber camp where Joe suggested they stop to buy bread and pies. The night before they reached the camp, Joe set out a number of small trees weighted down with rocks and attached fishing lines to the outer ends. He baited the lines with bacon rind and soon the catfish began to jump. They caught quite a number this way which they carefully packed and covered with brush.

Early the next morning, they started for the lumber camp. After they arrived and became acquainted with the men, C. M. asked if he could buy some bread and pies. He was sent to the cook who turned him down without a murmur. The cook in such camps is employed and paid by the men and is expected to furnish them with good food at all times. If he fails, they get a new cook. This explains his indisposition to share what he has cooked for the day. C. M. was disappointed but they were all invited to stay for dinner and accepting, sat down to the best meal of their trip. When they left and were some distance from the camp, Joe announced that he had 12 loaves of bread and 12 pies. When C. M. asked how he arranged it, Joe merely replied "the fish."

A few days later C. M. found some ripe gooseberries, and after living on salt pork, fish and bread, they were a pleasant surprise to all. Walking down to the water to wash the berries, he tripped and spilled them all over the rocks. Disgusted, he left them there, but Frank discovered that the rocks were striated, (probably from the scraping of smaller rocks wedged in the glaciers during the glacial period). The precious gooseberries had fallen into the striaes like beads on a string. Frank collected them, washed them, and cooked them down with sugar making a delicious gooseberry sauce.

Further down the river, they made camp upon a rocky basin where the current came through in such a way that it kept the water fresh. The basin was 500 or 600 yards in diameter and they stayed there for several days catching many varieties of fish.

Once they spent the whole day without catching a single fish

and C. M. remarked about it disgustedly at supper. Joe looked surprised and said, "Why I thought you were just fishing for fun." C. M. nodded but added that he had wanted at least one fish for supper. Joe asked what kind, and C. M. replied "a pickerel." "How big?" asked Joe. C. M. decided on four pounds as a good weight. Ignoring all the fishing tackle, Joe took an old string out of his pocket with a hook on the end and a rock for a sinker. He baited it with bacon rind and walked down to the water. Glancing around for a minute, he picked a spot and dropped the hook. After a few seconds he pulled it out, and held up a pickerel which actually turned out to weigh four pounds. C. M. turned to John with a look of annoyance and said "I would like to see him pick out an abstract."

Frank had been carrying his father's revolver in a holster. It was a 38 Smith and Wesson. Out in the boat one day, Joe asked him if he could shoot a duck. Trying, he got one with the first shot. Joe was delighted as they were all tiring of fish, and the bacon was running out. After the duck fell, an eagle flew over and the Indian dared Frank to shoot the eagle. Frank explained that a revolver bullet would not go that high or hit such a small object. All the same, he took aim and fired and the bird fell screeching out of the air and into a swamp nearby. Frank was surprised and aghast.

A day or two later, Joe became moody and refused to cook any more fish. A fishbone had lodged under his fingernail and festered. When C. M. scolded him for his stubbornness, Joe became angry and reached for an ax. Frank was frightened for his father and pulled out his revolver. That was the last they saw of Joe. They waited for him to return the next day since he had left without his coat and had no food or matches, but he never came back. They finally left his belongings on the ground and went on alone.

Frank took over as guide and John did the cooking. They had to stop only once for directions, and soon they reached the French

River Village. There is one place where the waterway opens into five channels and only one goes to the Village. They had to ask which channel to take, but otherwise found their way by following the bend of the seaweed, the red pine logs and other indications which they had learned to observe. The Village was a very small settlement and provided no accommodations for travelers. They purchased supplies and went up river to set up camp. There they waited for a steamer which took them to Collingswood where they boarded a train for Toronto. It was ten in the evening when they reached Toronto and they could not find a restaurant open at that hour. Frank jokingly suggested McConkey's which was an exclusive restaurant frequented by the fashionable ladies and gentlemen of Toronto particularly for after-theater snacks. Evening dress was the accepted attire at McConkey's, and our travelers were dressed in camping clothes with a month's growth of beard. John had managed a shave somewhere, but they were all dirty, and their clothes were caked with clay. Undaunted, C. M. spotted McConkey's and insisted upon going in. Frank was appalled, but his father had all the money so he was forced to follow.

The waiters looked at them suspiciously and attempted to get rid of them, but C. M. walked into the middle of the room and sat down at the most conspicuous table. He then ordered roast duck which was the most expensive item on the menu. Nervously the head waiter eyed the clock, as the theater was soon to let out. Making his decision, he dashed away to get the duck on the table as soon as possible. The travelers finished their dinner and got up to leave. Eight waiters were lined up on the stair expecting trouble, but C. M. paid the bill and left a \$2.00 tip (quite a sum in those days) and marched out with a regal air as the first theater groups began to dribble in.

They sent the canoes ahead and started for Detroit. Upon arriving home, C. M. stored the canoes in his garage as he wanted to return to North Bay in the future and start down the Ottawa River to make another part of the journey which the *coureurs de*

bois made coming from Montreal to Detroit. This trip was never made however, and the canoes were later destroyed by a tree which fell across the garage.

Chapter VIII

ON THANKSGIVING Day in 1906, Clarence and Anna left home for their first trip abroad. There had been weeks of preparation, poring over maps, and buying new clothes. Now the moment had arrived.

They boarded the train for New York with a twinge of uneasiness and a great feeling of excitement. Traveling was not so common then as it is today, and crossing the state line was likely to make one feel very far from home. Just as the Burtons were becoming overawed by the strange scenery and so many strange faces, they looked up to see Frank Pingree entering the car. And so, the first night was spent in affable company.

In New York they went to see Robert Mantell portray Julius Caesar. C. M. wrote that his performance was "fairly good." This was an excellent recommendation for the show, as C. M. was always a severe theater critic. After the show, they went directly to their staterooms aboard the *Caronia* and began making themselves comfortable. There were messages to be read from E. W. Pendleton, Mrs. C. K. Manning, and Mrs. Sara Manning, along with a box of flowers from Charles K. Manning and a single rose from little Knox Manning. These were all relatives of Mrs. Burton, and Knox is now a famous news commentator in Hollywood.

Although their quarters were most satisfactory, the first night passed with little sleep, and at six o'clock they were up again to watch the passage out of New York harbor.

Once again they encountered a friend in the person of Mr. Deming Jarves. However, they saw little of Mr. Jarves during the journey since he was not seated at their dining table. C. M. was disappointed in both the meals and the company. He described the food as "not as good as we have at home." The hours between meals were spent in reading, and C. M. haunted the library, partly because it was warmer than the rest of the ship. His first notes were devoted entirely to the subject of dinner. He wrote, "To some of the passengers dinner is a swell affair and dress coats and tuxedos are frequently seen." Their table party included a Mr. Evans whom C. M. described as a "man about town," Mr. McArthur "a Scotchman who seems not so racy as Mr. Evans," the two Mr. Thompsons, father and son, and Dr. Robinson from Hamilton, Ontario. His greatest complaint was that the table conversation revolved around outdoor life instead of books and affairs of the moment.

There was a paper printed aboard ship every day which included some excerpts and quotations from the classics such as Addison, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Pepys, and some news obtained before sailing and by wireless telegraph. C. M. immediately found the printing place of this paper and persuaded the editor to include interesting bits of information about the passengers. Through this information, he became acquainted with a Father Crowley who was in the bad graces of the Church for defending the public school system against the Catholic school system. Always interested in such matters, C. M. found a companion for argument and the exercise of higher thought processes. They would sit for hours and argue about the bill under discussion in England which would establish free schools separate from church control. The House of Commons had passed the bill, but it could not get by the House of Lords.

On the sixth day of their journey, C. M. wrote, "Mrs. Burton insisted that I should dress up for dinner as the others did, so I put on my black clothes and went in as I would to a party, only I wouldn't go to a party."

The eighth day of December, they woke up to find themselves anchored in the Irish Sea, and later in the day they landed in Liverpool. Except for Canada, this was C. M.'s first glimpse of foreign soil.

Chapter IX

DRIVING THROUGH Liverpool, the first thing C. M. noticed was the lack of property available for purchase. Coming from America, which was still in the early stages of growth, it seemed odd to see buildings on every bit of land. In Liverpool, most of the property was owned by the city and leased for seventy-five year periods. The lessee was required to pay the full amount at auction (usually over two-thirds the value of the property) and then had only the taxes to pay periodically.

After questioning several Liverpool residents, C. M. set out to search for information about Felicia Dorothea Hemans, the author of *The Landing of the Pilgrims*, and, in so doing, he found out many interesting bits of history. Information about Miss Hemans was readily accessible, but when he inquired about General Henry Proctor, who had charge of Detroit in 1812-13, he found that there had been four men by that name. During the search, they got into a house on Duke Street supposed to have been Procter's where C. M. reported, "There was a fine specimen of carved side-board, quite old; also a mantel and fireplace."

They visited the Cathedral at Chester where they saw the flag that covered the body of General Wolfe when he was killed. From Chester they went to Stratford, where they occupied Wash-

ington Irving's room at the Red Horse Inn. They visited Shakespeare's home and the attached museum, and C. M. was more impressed with the fire-protection than the objects being protected. At Warwick he tried on Oliver Cromwell's helmet, but it slipped down over his eyes. They went on to Oxford and finally to London where they engaged an apartment on Guilford Street.

Their first good look at London came through the windows of a cab. They rode for two hours looking at the National Art Gallery, Trafalgar Square, Newgate Prison and many other places. C. M. memorized the locations of all the buildings to which he would return for careful observation.

On the following day, they secured a letter of introduction to the manuscripts department of the British Museum, and C. M. found there the original articles of capitulation of Henry Hamilton to George Rogers Clark in 1779. At that time, there were 3,000,000 books in the museum, a number which impressed C. M. deeply. He spent the better part of two days perusing some of the manuscripts. Before leaving he procured for himself a copy of a manuscript journal by John Lees describing a journey to America and a short stay at Detroit in 1768. This he published in 1911.

Next they visited the National Portrait Gallery. At this point, their sightseeing was interrupted by the advent of holidays and bad weather. C. M. complained bitterly about the cold and the peculiar attitude of the British toward working. It annoyed him that they celebrated Christmas for four days, the 23rd because it was Sunday, the 24th because it would be needless to work for just one day before Christmas, the 25th, and the 26th because it was Boxing Day. Investigating the issue, he was relieved to find that Boxing Day has nothing to do with pugilism. He learned that in England the day after Christmas is reserved for opening boxes placed in the church, and dividing the money among those who serve the church without pay. It stems from an ancient custom when the monks used to say a special mass for sailing vessels and place a small box aboard each ship in which the sailors would put

their small contributions. Out of this custom came all of the alms boxes that are a part of Christmas, both in the church and on the streets.

The English had a habit of closing their libraries and museums at random, without announcing their intentions. This was a great source of annoyance to C. M., as he would make long trips to visit a certain building only to find it closed. The Burtons' Christmas was spent in sightseeing and eating a disappointing dinner which their landlady had prepared.

On Boxing Day there was a snowfall, so C. M. ventured out alone, still vexed with sleepy London. Things became a little brighter when he found in the British Museum an interesting paper directed to Lord and Admiral Howe from George III. The latter had sent a proposition to the American Commissioner that he would grant amnesty to all of his American subjects who would come home and behave themselves.

Chapter X

*T*IRING OF so much serious business, Anna proposed a trip to Middlesex. They spent a busy afternoon walking through the streets and looking at the vendors' carts. C. M. refused to purchase anything however, as he distrusted this form of selling.

There was a young man who often came to call at the Guilford Street house where they were living. In fact, he had sold the property to their landlady. One day C. M. engaged him in a conversation about London taxes. He continued upon each meeting to question the young fellow until a complete understanding of the matter was reached. In this manner, he always got the most out of every acquaintance that he made.

New Year's Eve was spent more happily than Christmas Day. They went to see "The Vicar of Wakefield." C. M. paid \$1.25 for each seat and an extra twelve cents for programs which consisted of a single sheet. He thought that exorbitant for such a skimpy program. The show was advertised as an opera, but C. M. wrote that it was only Oliver Goldsmith's story with some singing added. Nevertheless, they enjoyed it. The next morning they attended services at Westminster Abbey and later had dinner at *Ye Old Cheshire Cheese* which had once been frequented by Samuel

Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith.

After all this frivolity, C .M. was ready to get back to business. He was directed to Mr. Magg's bookstore where he bought a set of the publications of the Records Commission. The entire lot cost him twenty pounds.

Almost giving up in desperation, he finally found the volume for which he had been searching in the Public Record Office. It concerned the meeting between Oswald and Benjamin Franklin. This meeting is not further discussed and its intent remains a mystery unless it had something to do with Franklin's son William who was arrested for being a Loyalist and so went to live in England. Such a matter probably would not have historic value.

To end a perfect day, C. M. called at the tailor's for his new overcoat. That night he added a postscript to his journal regarding the coat "Which I much admire. It is very heavy and very fine." Never a vain man or one to collect personal possessions, C. M. still enjoyed being well dressed.

On January 5, 1907, he finally found the record of the death of General Henry Procter at Bath, October 31, 1822. This had been one of the things he had wanted most to find, and as is often the case, it was the most elusive.

Getting back to his opinions of the English life, he devoted a full page of his journal to describing the bath. "Tub too small to get in with two pails of hot water, and one pail of cold." He wrote that the English were slow to accept new things such as stoves and bathtubs. More than anything, it disturbed him to see new houses being built without these conveniences.

He had applied to the Foreign Office for a certain book, and when he received it, after a long wait, he discovered that it consisted of copies of the letters that he had read before. As a further inconvenience, he was asked to leave his notes in the Public Record Office to be examined and later forwarded to him in Detroit. He felt, at times, as though he were being treated like a spy.

Chapter XI

ON JANUARY 9th, they went to Wimpole Street and saw the house of Henry Hallam. From there they went to Temple Hall where Shakespeare's plays were staged. After visiting a few courtrooms, C. M. decided they were too small and stuffy, and he was unimpressed with the lawyers' wigs and gowns. He took a great interest in the cases being heard, and always looking for differences between the English and American customs, he was surprised to learn that contested wills were seldom brought into English courts.

For most of their sightseeing, they rode in the tube. C. M. was particularly fascinated with the electric underground which ran under the Thames. However, on their last day in London, they went by electric streetcar to Shepherd's Bush. In some places, the streets were so narrow that the streetcar tracks overlapped.

On the 15th of January, they sailed from Dover to Calais. That night C. M. wrote that he finally had found a decent meal. From Calais they went to Ghent where they stayed at the Hotel de la Poste. In Hautern they were entertained by the Burgomaster Josef Verbrugghen. Rose Burton, the wife of C. M.'s son Charles, had relatives in Hautern, and C. M. had gone to the Burgomaster to inquire about the family. Their name was DeMeyers, and the

Burgomaster found them through a Mr. Oste, the local wine merchant. Mr. Oste also insisted upon entertaining the travelers, and when they arrived at his house, he urged them to have some wine. They both strongly refused, having always abstained from taking any alcoholic beverage, and they left the wine merchant in a state of bewilderment.

Later that evening, they lost their way and C. M. approached a young man saying "Où est l'Hotel de la Poste?" The young man pointed directly across the street without saying a word. A little taken aback C. M. said "Thank you—that is—je vous remercie, Monsieur," and the fellow replied "Don't mention it." C. M. was so surprised that he neglected to introduce himself.

On January 17th, they went to the Cathedral of St. Bavon where they saw paintings by Van Eyck and Rubens. From Ghent they went to Brussels, and C. M. noted that all the buildings in the public square were uniform because they were owned and maintained by the city.

After visiting Waterloo, they dined in Antwerp and C. M. claimed that he was punished for not drinking wine. They had to pay two francs, or forty cents, extra for dinner because they ordered no wine. The restaurant probably made its main profit from the sale of wine, and therefore charged an extra sum if none was ordered, comparable to a cover charge.

They examined Antwerp quite carefully and then left for Amsterdam where they were to stay at the Hotel Europe. Amsterdam delighted them with its many bridges and canals. They went through the house which had been occupied by Peter the Great while he was learning to make boats. There were only two rooms and one of them included a cupboard which Peter had used for sleeping. Still bitter about the climate, C. M. commented "I think he got into it and shut the doors to keep warm."

Chapter XII

AT THE Hague, they visited the building where the Peace Conference was held, and C. M. sat in the chair that was supposed to have been occupied by Motley when he wrote his history of the Netherlands. After visiting Delft and commenting on the cleanliness all around them, they left for Berlin. The trip to Berlin was dreadful because they rode an old unheated train and had no sleeping accomodations until 2 o'clock in the morning. No food was served until 3 o'clock the following afternoon. However, they considered all of this worthwhile when they finally reached Berlin.

They visited the palace of Kaiser Wilhelm I, and it was most interesting, but C. M. thought it sacrificed dignity to warmth. The stovepipes were stuffed with pillows to keep out the cold. He was more interested in the Lutheran Cathedral and in the palace which stored relics from the time of Frederick the Great.

During their stay in Berlin, there was a general election for members of the Reichstag. The Kaiser had dissolved the old one when it refused to grant him money for improving the Navy. It seemed that some of the people feared that he would misuse such a fund. They held a parade in conjunction with the election, and when the Emperor's yellow automobile passed, the Burtons fol-

lowed it to the voting place. Much to their surprise, they found the voting being done in a saloon. C. M. was able to procure a copy of the ballot. There was a ticket for each candidate and one blue envelope per voter. One ticket was to be inserted in the envelope and the whole deposited in a box. This was the same system that we used in the United States before adopting the Australian ballot.

On January 25th, the Burtons left Berlin for Paris. On arrival they looked first for a boarding house, but finally settled for a room at the American Hotel for four dollars a day. C. M. thought this was very dear, but the hotel had an automatic elevator, something he had never seen before.

They went to the Arc de Triomphe and to the Louvre. They saw the Institut de France and a house where Napoleon had lived, and they entered the Church of St. Sulpice. Next they visited the College de la Sorbonne which had become a part of the University of Paris.

For one cent, they took a steamboat ride which carried them to the tomb of Napoleon. Back at the American Embassy, they got a letter of introduction to the Bibliotheque Nationale.

They went to the Grand Opera and saw Tamara, but C. M. was more interested in the seating arrangement than in the singing. He described the rows of seats, "first, men only, then the élite, then the smaller fry, and finally the music students." Evidently they had no side boxes or, at least, he did not notice who occupied them.

At Versailles they saw the Galleries. One picture by Vernet called "The Capture of the Smalah of Abd-el-Kader" was painted by order of one of the Rothschilds, but after it was completed, Rothschild refused to take it.

At the Bibliotheque Nationale, a Mr. Beauchesne endeavored to help C. M. find two volumes on Cadillac written from the memoranda of Pierre Margry, the French archivist. These he had copied.

On another sightseeing trip, they went through the catacombs

which contains the bones of over 3,000,000 people. Some of the bones and skulls were laid out in view.

At the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, they heard a high mass by Archbishop Amied. Their guide took them way up front by the altar. He complimented the service by saying that it was very impressive. In the Archives Nationales, C. M. found a letter from John Law to the Controller General of France that referred to the Mississippi Bubble which effected the near ruin of France.

Chapter XIII

*I*N MONTAUBAN, the Burtons had dinner with Chanoine Portier, "who," C. M. wrote, "was so stout that he had to edge sideways down the hall when escorting Mrs. Burton in to dinner."

On February 8th, they started for St. Nicholas de la Grave, where they saw Cadillac's birthplace, and carefully examined the building and the dooryard in the rear. A tablet on the front stated Cadillac's birth date and the fact that he had founded Detroit.

There was only one church in the town. They visited it and wandered through all the streets. They saw an old chateau, which had been converted into a school for boys, and an old dungeon. Their visit was such an exciting event for the townspeople that the principal dismissed the school. Boys dressed in knickerbocker trousers, belted pinafores, and wooden shoes flocked into the street to stare at the guests. The local doctor presented C. M. with an old brass lamp and told him of the Cadillac burial place at Castel Sarassin.

All of this excitement was new to them, and, at the end of their visit to St. Nicholas de la Grave, they were both exhausted. Back in Milan they made arrangements to go by train to Venice, and

during the trip, they experienced some more excitement. A young man, riding on the train, was locked in the washroom. He made quite a disturbance trying to attract the attention of someone who would free him from his dilemma. Just as his rescuers were successful in opening the door, however, he leaped from a window of the moving train and was never heard from again.

The train passed through Verona and Padua, and C. M. wrote, "It stormed so that I saw neither Romeo nor Juliet, although the latter is buried at Verona. The two gentlemen of Verona were not on the street either."

At Venice he was surprised to see that their "bus" was a gondola, and they had to ride for over half an hour before reaching the Hotel Roma. The gondolier nearly succumbed to exhaustion on the way. He was very honest, though, and told them that gondoliers never hurry since they are paid by the hour.

In Florence, they visited the homes of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Benvenuto Cellini, Dante, Amerigo Vespucci, Lorenzo Ghiberti, Michelangelo, Niccolo Machiavelli, and Andrea del Sarto. C. M. expressed great regret over the massive architectural workmanship that was nothing but ruins. They went into a church in Rome where they saw a sacred bambino covered with rings, pins of gold, watches and jewelry that had been offered to it for its miraculous curing powers. The priest gave them each a card bearing a picture of the image.

Visiting St. Peter's he found it curious that they were willing to admit the measurements of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. The measurements of it and of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York are permanently imbedded in the floor at St. Peter's. C. M. asked why the people went up the steps on their knees, and was told that they pray as they go, saying a different prayer on each step. He was told that Martin Luther went halfway up on his knees and then walked the rest of the way.

In order to see the Pope, C. M. had to hire a dress suit. They were guided through the passageways by a very merry monk, and

soon arrived at the Vatican to find many others standing about the room. A German next to him reported that they were all to kneel when the Pope entered the room. This custom seemed strange to C. M., so he and the German sat on chairs instead of kneeling. The Pope circled the room offering his hand to everyone for his ring to be kissed. During this procedure a guard approached C. M. and asked if he would please stand instead of sitting, which he promptly did. Then he was asked for his letter of admission which presented a problem as he had left it at the door. There was much commotion about finding his card, so C. M. left rather than cause any further embarrassment to anyone. He later regretted the entire incident and wished that his visit had been less conspicuous. He added that the Pope had a kindly face and gave an impressive benediction at the end of the interview.

Chapter XIV

AT THE church of the *Abbadia delle Tre Fontane*, they tell a story of the beheading of St. Paul. When the head was severed, it bounced three times, and from each spot, there issued a spring of water. Visitors and members of the parish were allowed to drink from the fountains, and, in return, left donations.

At St. Peter's he noticed a bronze statue that had only four toes. The right big toe was completely worn away. Taking his handkerchief, he wiped the foot to see if the toe had worn away, or if it had never been there. As he stepped back, two gentlemen came forward and kissed the foot. Later he learned that this was the famous toe of St. Peter that the faithful kiss in adoration.

Returning from the *Borghese Gallery* one afternoon, they saw some boys playing ball. Each boy had a tambour made of a ring of wood with a piece of skin drawn over it, like a tambourine only with a piece of leather on one side for a handle. A rubber ball is tossed in the air, then struck with the tambour toward another boy who returns it. It was one of the fastest games that C. M. had ever watched.

The next day was spent in the *Palatine* examining the ruins. It was also a day of bad news because the Burtons learned that their large trunk had been lost. From this day on, many precious

hours were wasted at the American Express office trying to locate the trunk. Of course, they had to shop and replace the things that they needed most urgently.

On the morning of February 26th, they started for Naples, and when they arrived, they felt as though they were home again, for the traffic in Naples drives to the right as in the United States. Immediately they booked passage on the *Memfi* to Alexandria. It was a wonderful trip through the Mediterranean, and on the way, they got an excellent view of Mt. Vesuvius.

They landed in Messina on the second day, only to find it dirty and hot and too heavily populated. They were relieved to be off again though a little dissatisfied with their simple fare of tea and one egg.

There was an Italian on board who turned out to be quite a wag. He had been in America often and talked fluently with the nine Americans and one German. The German spoke every known language, and all in all, it turned out to be an amiable group. In fact, it was discovered that the German and one of the Americans, a Mr. Case, had met years earlier. The weather was poor during most of the trip so there was no entertainment but conversation.

When they landed in Alexandria, C. M. found it difficult to tell the men and women apart. The Christians wore a red fez for identification, but everyone else dressed alike.

They procured a guide whose name was Herman Charry, and who had had a most colorful career. He claimed to have rescued Miss Stone, a famous missionary who had fallen into all varieties of catastrophe. The guide led them to Cairo where they happily discovered that everyone spoke English "a leetle."

Chapter XV

ON THE fourth of March, they journeyed to the Pyramids. It was an easy trip as a streetcar ran directly to the spot. This must have seemed odd as one would expect to ride to the Pyramids on camelback.

C. M. was surprised to find that the Sphinx was being recovered by sand. Before they left, their guide took them to the spot where Moses was found by the riverbank.

The next day they went by railroad to Port Said and took a boat to Jaffa. C. M. told the steward, "in strictest confidence that his boat stunk." The steward understood no English, of course. It was unlike C. M. to be so indelicate even in the privacy of his own journal. The ship must have been most offensive. He later tipped the steward one dollar to get him a better room, but the second was as terrible as the first. The steward tried to make them comfortable, but the food was unbearable and the trip almost the same.

At Jaffa, they engaged a guide to take them to Jerusalem. On his advice, they went to the market place and bought some open sandals.

They reached Jerusalem just before dinnertime on March 7th and went directly to their hotel on David Street. Their room

looked out on the Tower of David which was the only good thing C. M. could say about it. He thought Jerusalem was appallingly dirty and he was grieved to see children begging and crying for alms. He was contemptuous of anyone who did not work for his living, and he criticized the American monks more than the street beggars.

The second day there, they took a horse and carriage to Jericho, and on the way, they passed the house of the Good Samaritan. Later they washed their hands in the Dead Sea.

The following day, they visited the tomb of Lazarus, taking the road which Jesus took on his day of execution. After this they returned to Jerusalem and left again for Jaffa. They had to take a rowboat out to their ship, the *Prince Abbess*, as there was no wharf. The rowboat waited for a large wave to wash it up to the side of the ship where steps had been lowered. Then six Arabs seized the passengers one at a time and lifted them aboard. All of the cargo had to be loaded in the same manner.

Back in Port Said, they saw a steamer full of Arabs who had made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

In Alexandria they visited the Catacombs, and bought a rug for thirty-five dollars. They got themselves and their clothes on the steamer *Osmanich* which was considerably nicer than the boat to Jaffa. The going was rough, however, and many of the passengers were sick. If C. M. ever got seasick, he never admitted it.

The day they passed *Candia*, there was a very bad storm, so they did not see much. Finally, they got off at the Piraeus and took a car to Athens. Athens was very impressive after Jerusalem. The streets were wide and the buildings grand. They regretted that they could not stay longer but they had to get back to their ship.

Chapter XVI

AFTER THE Piraeus, their next stop was Smirna, but there was no time to get off the ship. They were soon entering the Dardanelles where the Turkish Fleet stood guard.

In Constantinople, they bought some more rugs and had them sent home.

They were surprised at the profusion of dogs in the streets as their surroundings did not look like a favorite section for pets. Later they learned that the dogs acted as scavengers, and because of the lack of better sanitation methods the townspeople left them alone.

C. M. was also surprised that the Moslem women, so particular about veiling themselves from public eyes, thought nothing of smoking in the streetcar.

Having engaged passage on the *Sernia* going to Naples, they were much distressed to find that it was on the rocks. This inconvenience was nothing, however, compared with what was ahead. First, Cook's refused to refund their passage money. Then they got into a great tussle over the rugs they were trying to send home. The first man they spoke to charged them \$1.80 for the handling of the rugs. Later they learned that there was no such charge, and there was much commotion about it which resulted in the manager's

accusing the subordinate of dishonesty. The money was eventually refunded.

The next day they took the rugs, planning to put them aboard the *Moeltke*. C. M. had persuaded a local messenger to help with them, but again they met with difficulty. The first customs officer refused to look at the rugs and mysteriously waved them on. So they started toward the ship. On the way, another man leaped toward them, snatched the bundle and hurried toward the customs officer. C. M. struggled with him, forcing him to let go of the rugs, and again they started for the ship. This time a sentinel who was in charge would not let them board the ship. After making three tries, the porter backed out, fearing trouble. C. M. finally threw the rugs over his own shoulder and carried them aboard himself. For some strange reason, he was not stopped.

That night they went to see the Howling Dervishes. One of the priests laid a three year old child on the floor and jumped up and down on her until she was carried screaming from the scene. The Burtons were aghast and it left them so disturbed that they were glad when the time came to leave for Budapest.

After passing through Phillipopolis (a stop which must be a strain on the conductor who does the calling) they reached Budapest. C. M. liked the city almost as well as he had liked Berlin. It seemed as the trip neared its end that they were putting more and more importance on cleanliness, even to the exclusion of historic interest.

On Palm Sunday, C. M. started early and took a short ride on each streetcar line. There were small evidences of spring everywhere which made the train ride to Rome quite pleasant.

Back in Rome there was still no news about their trunks, but when they reached Naples there was a great supply of mail awaiting them, and they were cheered a little. C. M. discovered that he had been nominated for Detroit School Inspector, and this, accompanied by other news, turned their thoughts more and more toward home.

Chapter XVII

ON THE twenty-eighth of March, they made an extended tour of the National Museum and then planned to leave Rome for Palermo. They took the *Rieve Margaretha* which stopped at Termini. There they visited Casimo Sanzoni, a brother of Antonio Sanzoni of Detroit. He insisted that they stay for dinner, which they did, and they were served spaghetti and vegetables. There was no meat on the table because it was Good Friday.

After leaving the Sanzonis, they saw a religious parade. It was dignified but colorless, so the Burtons left before the end.

Their next stop was Pompeii, and they were delighted with everything there, including the people and the buildings. Looking over the old relics, C. M. was struck with the fact that we use the same things yet today, fish hooks, hinges, and bathtubs.

On Easter Sunday, they stopped at the Cappercini Convent. All of the congregation and the visitors were feasting and C. M. was relieved to see healthy, happy people again and even more impressed with the surrounding scenery.

On April Fool's Day, they joined in the merriment and watched the Cana villagers dance the Tarantelle.

The following day found them en route for Capri with C. M. suffering miserably with spring fever. During these days, he spent

more time in his journal describing the blue indigo water than the points of historical interest.

One day they tried to get up to the top of Vesuvius, and they did make it most of the way, but a heavy fog finally forced them back. Returning to the hotel, they were consoled for their disappointment with the news that their trunks had been found and would be sent on the *Moeltke*. When they boarded the *Moeltke*, they found their long lost belongings and were happy to learn that they had a fine stateroom for the trip.

At noon on April 7th, they left the harbor of Naples and C. M. soon learned that Mr. and Mrs. George Whitney Moore of Detroit were on board.

The first few days were spent on the Mediterranean but out of sight of land. The ship ran along the south coast of Spain, but land was out of view of the travelers.

On April 10th, they got up at 5 A. M. to see the Rock of Gibraltar, but C. M. was greatly disappointed because it did not look at all like the insurance advertisement.

Later they passed through the Azores, and the journal reported that they had, at that point, traveled 1,741 miles since leaving home. The waters they were passing through at the time contained many whales, and one day they passed some fishermen who had just landed one measuring thirty feet.

The trip was slow and relaxing, and C. M. was losing all track of time. He was surprised one morning to hear the band playing some religious music and to realize that Sunday had come again. This was probably as close as he ever came to complete rest.

As they neared the Gulf Stream, the weather became cold and stormy and every day was spent huddled in rugs in an effort to keep warm. As the weather slowed their ship, they began to fear that they would not reach New York on time. Two days before they arrived, a wave broke over the bow and flooded the third class sleeping quarters. Many people left their beds and went screaming up on deck. Panic ensued because they believed that

the ship was sinking.

On April 20th, they passed the Statue of Liberty and soon dropped anchor in American waters.

Chapter XVIII

BACK IN Detroit, C. M. soon fell into his old routine of all work and no play. Immediately, he became involved in the 1907 State Constitutional Convention which absorbed almost all of his time.

After talking to friends at home, he found that his letters from overseas had caused some disapproval. The *Detroit News* had published his report on Jerusalem, calling it the 'dirtiest city' he had seen, and many Jewish organizations were offended. Most of his other letters were cheerful, however, and so were read and enjoyed by many.

The Burtons were all turning into world travelers. Shortly after his parents' return, young Clarence left for the London Throat Hospital, where he was a surgeon at the Royal Eye Infirmary and the Royal Ear Hospital.

In 1908, C. M. was elected City Historiographer, which office he held until his death in 1932. Earlier in 1908, Mayor Thompson had written in the *Detroit Journal* that perhaps he would not reappoint C. M. to the office of School Inspector. He stated that C. M.'s activities in the "con-con" had displeased him. C. M. had charged in a meeting of the convention that the mayor did not want to settle the traction problem but wanted to keep it as an

active political issue. The mayor claimed that they had discussed the issue in his office and had come to an agreement about it. It was the old familiar argument involving municipal or private ownership of transportation. Because the mayor had appointed C. M. while he was touring Europe, he felt that C. M. should show more gratitude.

Later an anonymous letter writer complained of C. M.'s attitude at the Constitutional Convention. Evidently city politics, even then, were not as smooth as they should be, and C. M. felt that our democracy was turning into a demagoguery with many would-be leaders capitalizing on social discontent.

In 1909, C. M. edited the *Compendium of History and Biography of the City of Detroit and Wayne County*. This represented long hours of tedious labor and used all of the data collected in previous years.

After the strain of producing this work, plus all of his other involvements, C. M. decided that he needed a rest and planned to build a summer home at Goderich in Canada. He printed the following letter in the *Goderich Signal*:

"Notice to contractors: Tenders will be received by the undersigned for the erection and completion of a summer house (or bungalow) on his property in the town of Goderich. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the *Goderich Signal*. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

C. M. Burton, 27 Brainard Street. Detroit."

When he finally got to Goderich for his rest, he spent the time working day and night digging out the history of the town. Later, he returned to Detroit with more information about Goderich than its oldest inhabitant had ever known.

Chapter XIX

AMONG C.M.'s contemporaries in Detroit was a man named James Scott. Scott was an extremely wealthy bachelor whose wealth was his main distinction. C. M. never referred to Scott as a friend, but, by chance, they saw a great deal of each other. In fact, because they lived in the same part of town, they usually met every morning and conversed on their way downtown. C. M. had never found wealth an excuse for idleness, so, in this respect, the two men conflicted, Scott being a man of eternal leisure. Most of his days were spent in gambling and drinking with an odd assortment of friends.

Consequently, C. M. was more surprised than anyone when James Scott died and left him executor of the Scott estate. He was doubly surprised when he read the strange provisions of the will. Scott had requested a tomb in Elmwood cemetery large enough for ten bodies, nine besides his own. At first, the public thought that the other nine places were to be occupied by old cronies from the local saloon, but it was finally disclosed that Scott wanted his wife, the former Alice Yates, his mother and other members of his family moved from their former resting places. This request was never filled, as Scott died in 1910, and Elmwood stopped building mausoleums in 1900.

The next provision of the will stated that a fountain was to be built with a life-size statue of the benefactor. The fountain was to stand on Belle Isle, and was to be called the James Scott fountain. Because of the noxious way his life had been spent, there had always been strong public feeling against James Scott, and it surged in opposition to such a lasting memorial. There was a great conflict over the issue, as all agreed that the fountain would be a thing of beauty for the city, and yet, many believed that it would be a gift built with "tainted" money. The clergy represented one of the strongest "anti-fountain" groups.

However, after fifteen years of argument in the city council, the fountain was finally erected. A famous architect, Eugene Duquesne, was imported and even the objectors had to agree that the fountain was a beautiful sight. The design alone had cost \$10,000. At that time, it was the largest fountain of its kind in the world. To compensate for some of the strong objections, it was placed on a comparatively inconspicuous part of the island. The statue and the chair were molded in bronze and the base in marble. The engraved words read, "For the enjoyment, and the advancement of his native city, James Scott bequeathed to Detroit his fortune to be used for the construction of this fountain erected MCMXVIII. From the good deed of one comes benefit to many. James Scott 1831-1910."

In the *Free Press* of Dec. 7th, 1941, Iffy the Dopester called the fountain, "Scott's last joke on the town that hated him," explaining that Scott planned to punish those who had criticized him during his lifetime by forcing them to look forever on a statue of "his fat countenance."

Chapter XX

C. M.'s INTEREST in local history was being widely appreciated, and, in 1913, he was elected to the Michigan Historical Commission, a membership which he held until his death. He was very busy that same year with the Detroit Charter Commission. These activities and the writing of another book, *The Building of Detroit*, finally caused him to resign as School Inspector. There was talk that he was dissatisfied with the Board of Education but he strongly denied this. His unceasing energy made him a subject of humor to a newspaper writer by the name of Nash, who pictured C. M. as follows:

“Hiawatha has departed, to the radiant clouds departed. Did he drop his buckskin mantle, aboriginal investure? If he did, there's one man knows it, knows who got it, how he used it, knows if it is in a museum, or was cut up into slippers, those thrice-famous Indian slippers manufactured at Mt. Clemens. One man knows whatever happened since old Fort Detroit was founded, has an abstract of the title and a copy of the letters, of the documents and letters. You may think he does not know you as you pass him in the forest, as you see him in the council of the chiefs and antiquaries, of the bookish antiquaries. Do not worry, do not flurry! When you die you'll

find he knows you, knows your lineage back to Adam, knows if you like fried potatoes or prefer them creamed or scalloped. Many a gent has died obscurely, passed away in peace obscurely, and there seemed to be no record that the warrior had existed, but one man kept eye upon him, and on twenty minutes notice, on a telephonic notice, he could write a charming pamphlet, on 'The Life of Scroggs the Hodman.' Oh, it's good to have a scholar who makes everybody famous, who remembers all the dead men, all the long departed warriors, though they seem obscure while living, will ascend to fame hereafter, written up by C. M. Burton, in a book by C. M. Burton, edited by C. M. Burton, published, too, by C. M. Burton."

In spite of this, and other comedy at his expense, C. M. regarded newspaper men from an Olympian height, never caring what they wrote about him whether in praise or blame. Some thought him a fuss-budget but actually his mind demanded accuracy in the smallest details and he was always ready to offer valuable information.

The *Detroit News*, at that time, ran a daily column entitled, "If I Were Mayor," and they called upon various well known townspeople to contribute ideas. When C. M.'s turn arrived, he was quoted as saying, "I would be pleased to see an appropriation sufficient to build school houses so that every child in the city could be accommodated . . . I would then improve the sewer system and the water works and build a subway on Woodward Avenue. I do not believe in municipal ownership of the streetcars. I favor the three cent fare and think it should never be raised."

Some controversy had arisen in town as to whether C. M. could sit on the Charter Commission and be City Historiographer at the same time. It was suspected that the saloonkeepers were behind the argument as they had anonymously organized to defeat him when he was a candidate for the commission. This upset C. M. more than many knew because he received no compensation for

his job as Historiographer and, in fact, frequently supported its needs from his own pocket. A sympathetic reporter from the Detroit *Free Press* subsequently wrote in gratitude for his work saying that C. M.'s enthusiasm never failed though his requests were always cut out of the budget.

Although it would sometimes appear that C. M. had too many outside interests to keep his business properly attended, nothing could be farther from the truth. In 1912, the Burton Abstract and Title Company had grown to such proportions that C. M. announced he would begin giving guaranteed certificates of title to help avoid the long abstract delays.

In spite of his shyness with some individuals, C. M. was a popular lecturer. In the summer of 1914, he gave a stereopticon lecture entitled, "The Development of Detroit," to the real estate class at the Y. M. C. A. The lecture was timely as the town was spreading in all directions, and C. M. was growing with the times. He had contracted for a new home to be built on Boston Boulevard, and it was unusual enough to be reported in the papers as a thing of public interest. The house was to be fireproof, built of brick tile and stucco with concrete floors throughout. Hardwood floors were to be laid over the concrete. The structure was steel, and there were to be three stories, eighteen rooms, besides six bathrooms. (He did not intend to copy his English friends.) Some of the rooms were paneled in mahogany to the ceiling and the stairway was solid mahogany. There were fireplaces in the library and the living room. At the back was a sunroom and terrace, more the vogue in those days than the screened porches we favor today. A bedroom-sleeping porch was over the sunroom. All the rooms on the first floor had sliding glass doors, and the *piece de resistance* was the large art window on the stairway. The basement contained a billiard room. There were 158 openings to provide for fifty lights. All in all, it was a long way from the house on Henry Street.

Chapter XXI

AFTER BUYING the property on Boston Boulevard, C. M. set about drawing up contracts for his now famous gift to the city. First, he presented his book collection to the Detroit Library Commission. The gift was named the Burton Historical Collection and became a part of the Detroit Public Library. C. M. was given the official title of consulting librarian and was helpful to the departmental staff in the further development of the collection.

As the library found itself overcrowded with this new addition, C. M. then deeded the Brainard Street house to the Library Commission. He had made one condition, that the city would store the collection in fireproof quarters.

In order to protect himself, C. M. reserved the right to occupy the Brainard Street residence until July 1, 1915. He then had the house deeded back to him in exchange for a \$50,000 endowment fund. An act of legislation was required to accomplish this.

Recently, George W. Stark, in an address to the committee raising funds for the Detroit Historical Museum, called the Burton Collection, "The finest documentary collection bearing on the entire history of the old Northwest." This same occasion was graced with a speech by Miss Agnes Burton who presented the Committee

with a check for \$10,000 as the Burton family's contribution to the Museum.

Stark's statement was no exaggeration. The collection was, and is, the largest library of Americana in the middle west. It consists of many unpublished documents, and copies of records in the Archives of Canada, England, France, and the United States. C. M. spent fifty years gathering the material that he left at his death. The Cadillac papers, which were published by the Michigan Historical Collection of Lansing, were collected, compiled, translated and edited from the Marine Archives of Paris, under C. M.'s direction.

In September, 1915, the Burton Library with its name changed to Burton Historical Collection was opened to the public on Brainard Street, and Miss Gracie B. Krum took over as public library representative. With her assistance, C. M. started on his next publication which came out in 1916 and was entitled, *Barnabas Campau and His Descendants*. The distribution of this book inspired him to write a form letter to collectors and libraries about a matter that had been bothering him for a long time. He requested that city records covering the distribution of lots after the Detroit fire of 1805 be placed among the Collections' books of history. Formerly, they had been listed as public documents, and had become dust covered and forgotten. The letter caused some confusion as many recipients took him to be a publisher. They even quibbled about the price of the pamphlets he enclosed, being ignorant of the fact that he lost money on every such group of pamphlets that he sent out. He charged only a small fee because he did not want the pamphlets discarded in haste or thought of as charity.

With the Collection settled in its new home, C. M. turned his attention back to business. In April, 1915, he organized the Burton Investment Company, to erect in Detroit one-hundred moderately priced homes. The building activity was begun near the Hudson Motor Company and near the Chalmers Motor Company. Louis

Burton and C. B. Housermau were in charge of the work. C. M., Fred, and Louis Burton were the stockholders.

Chapter XXII

*I*N 1919, C. M. was faced with his first large loss from a faulty abstract. Morris Beckowsky sued the company for \$15,000 because a mortgage had been omitted. Keller's Ink Company used the incident in an advertisement because the admission was blamed on faded ink. Judge Hunt awarded the plaintiff \$15,986.50, and from that time on C. M. was extremely particular about the ink and paper used in all of the record books. When referring to the incident, C. M. often blamed it on the war. Many of his employees and some of his own family were in the armed services, and he was short of help.

The postwar years brought many changes to Detroit. People and events seemed to move faster in a sudden burst of youthful progressiveness. The roaring twenties were in an embryonic stage, and though C. M. never roared, he did change a little. All of his adult life, C. M. had worn nothing but stiff-front white shirts with wing collars and black ties. For Christmas in the year 1920, his son Ralph (whose individuality had never been daunted by his father's stern mien) presented him with a dozen striped shirts and several colored ties. Confused, C. M. kept insisting that he had received the wrong package, but he was finally persuaded to try them on. Ralph then called the office and warned the girls

that C. M. would arrive in the new attire. He cautioned them to comment favorably, which they did, and C. M. never wore a stiff front shirt again.

Later in the spring of 1921, Mr. and Mrs. Burton traveled to Portland to visit Mrs. Burton's son and daughter-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. William S. Knox. Mrs. Burton's daughter, Mrs. S. C. DeWitt, of Toronto, accompanied them. This was one of the few trips in C. M.'s lifetime that was taken solely for pleasure.

Upon his return, another big job awaited him. He immediately began the editing of *The City of Detroit 1701-1922*. The five volumes finally came out in 1922. While working on these volumes, he half-heartedly ran for Congress from the 13th District, but was defeated by Judge Vincent M. Brennan. However, during the campaign he received a most favorable compliment from James Schermerhorn, editor, who wrote, "Although still our youngest historiographer, bless the bloom of his unfading cheeks! We cannot expect Mr. C. M. B. to be with us over another century or two. When the places that knew him know him no more, may the evil day be long delayed, it will be necessary to look elsewhere when anyone wants to know anything about the early or late history of Detroit."

The *Detroit News* printed an article recommending him for Congress, and it was indorsed by 126 people including J. Burgess Book, Jr., Miss Esther J. Cousins, Clarence M. Dickerson, I. C. Freud (later a movie magnate), James H. Garlick, Alvan Macauley, and Mrs. C. R. Wilson. They called themselves the Burton-for-Congress-Club.

His platform was "to represent all of the people all of the time. Detroit must be an ocean port. No entangling alliances or secret treaties. No troops on foreign soil unless for United States protection. Adequate care and compensation for soldiers, wounded or maimed." Then, as now, these issues were uppermost in the public mind. The current popularity of the St. Lawrence Seaway question would have delighted him.

In the Detroit election of 1924, C. M. wrote to the *Detroit News* protesting the dreadful practices of the Grand Trunk Railway and lauding the efforts of the city administration to control them. He encouraged re-election of the same group and used the same quotation so recently tautologized, "Don't trade horses when crossing a stream."

Chapter XXIII

*I*N 1925, Anna Burton died, and once more C. M. was alone. He had nine of his own children to raise, but he was not interested in marrying again.

He became more deeply engrossed in his work, and, when interviewed, was quoted as saying, "Success? Nothing but love of work and the ability to stick. Wars destroy countries, but this country will never be destroyed by war. Rome, I daresay, has on several occasions had a population over a million; today, but half that, all due to war. We are a tremendously big country. If Paris were destroyed that would virtually mean France. It would mean the better part of Italy if Rome were wiped out. Here if we lost a single city, it would mean just that, the loss of one city."

Shortly after Anna's death, the city of Detroit passed a resolution praising C. M. for the public interest which impelled the donation of his book collection. It was adapted unanimously by the Common Council after preparation by John C. Lodge, the President. The resolution was introduced by William P. Bradley.

The following year C. M. began writing a daily feature in the *Detroit Times* which was called "This Date In Michigan 25 Years Ago." The idea caught on and similar columns are popular yet today. Mr. George Averill runs such a column in his Birmingham

Eccentric. Humor made up most of the *Times* feature. C. M.'s sense of humor was the dry variety as discovered in a letter that he wrote to the sheriff stating that he had been listed for petit jurors, and was ineligible for three reasons: One, he had been a lawyer for thirty years; two, he was seventy-three years old; and three, his ears would not permit him to hear even his own voice in the courtroom.

In 1928, C. M. became a member of the Grist Mill Club which was composed of Detroit's old-timers interested in the history of the city and state.

After many years of carrying on the work of City Historiographer largely at his own expense, C. M. filed a petition with P. L. Monteith, City Controller, asking that an appropriation for \$10,000 be placed in the 1929 budget to be paid him for collecting, arranging and publishing his annual historical report. This petition was referred to the Council and placed in the budget. He explained that the project for the coming year would involve a burdensome printing bill and the employment of a clerk, which he believed the city should assume. Thereafter, his expenses were greatly lightened.

In regard to all of his works, C. M. was extremely modest. In 1930, the Rockefeller Foundation gave Oxford University a grant for the purpose of enlarging the venerable Bodleian Library. A group of English scholars visited America to survey libraries and were guests of the Detroit Library. A luncheon was given, and, of course, C. M. was invited. He arrived when all the other guests were seated, and, upon his entrance, Sir Frederick Kenyon, Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum, greeted him as the Bodley of Detroit. C. M. lowered his eyes and murmured a shy "thank you."

Still as upright and full of energy as he had been forty years earlier, it was a reluctant C. M. Burton who retired in 1930 from the abstract business. He was persuaded to leave his business

duties to his son, Louis, but never gave up reading and writing until the end of his life.

Many of the employees who worked in the Abstract Office during C. M. Burton's time are still there, and while some have left the office for a time, they have returned. The list below is as complete as possible and shows the first year of employment for each.

Victor C. Gnau	1892
John M. Denne	1897
Arthur H. Denne	1899
Eva R. Smith (Retired)	1901
Julia A. Michael (Retired)	1905
Jessie Gray (Retired)	1906
Ralph Burton (President	1911
(deceased — 1953)	
Rudolph C. Schmidt	1912
(deceased — 1953)	
Hazel H. Ross	1912
Iva M. Powers	1914
Zacch W. Harrison	1915
Helen Peters	1916
George K. Heartwell	1917
Norman W. Sumner	1919
Leo J. Tremel, Jr.	1919
Cecelia Parpart	1919
Amy E. Trezise	1919
Anastasia M. Garrez.....	1920
Ida Kay	1922
J. Benton Reed	1923
Kenneth A. Tremel	1923
Edgar F. Rupp	1923
Sophia M. Ovorus.....	1924
Edna M. Dawson	1924
Cyril M. Hammond	1925

Albert J. Murphy	1925
Wanda Greniewicki	1925
Anna Grace Walker	1926
Carl H. Knack	1926
Kenneth H. Barnett	1926
Clarence W. Dill	1926
John Gartner	1927
Lillian I. Jones	1929
Clarence M. Burton (Grandson)	1931

No attempt has been made to include old employees who have left the Company, but it should be mentioned that Edward N. Munro entered the office in 1898 and served for many years as manager until his death in 1945. Charles W. Burton started in the office about 1894 as part time worker and became a full time employee after leaving college in 1898. Later he left to engage in other work and returned as President in 1939 serving until his death in 1945. Louis Burton entered the office in 1920 and served until his death in 1939. After 1932 he was president. Fred Burton started in the office about 1898 and became a full time worker in 1903. He remained until 1928 when he became president of the Fred Burton Abstract Co. of Oakland County where he remained until his death in 1952. George Janiga Jay worked from 1913 until 1946 when he left to become president of the Land Title and Abstract Co., and Gilbert M. Thurston served from 1920 until 1949 when he left to take over the Cheboygan Abstract Office.

Chapter XXIV

AT THE City College Commencement of 1931, C. M. received an honorary degree, Doctor of Letters. He was cited as "an authority on the law of land titles; collector of one of the largest and richest libraries of Americana in the country; generous donor of that collection to his city, which he serves as historiographer; librarian, author, editor, scholar. He has revealed to us the historic associations of the place wherein we dwell."

Two years after his retirement, C. M.'s life of never ending toil began to catch up with him. He became seriously ill, and, one Sunday, after several months of illness, he suffered a cerebral hemorrhage and died. Dr. Stephen Knight was with him as were most of his children. On Wednesday, Oct. 26, 1932, he was buried in Grand Lawn Cemetery with the Reverend S. S. Marquis, rector of Christ Church Cranbrook, officiating. And so ended a fine and beneficial life.

As in the case of every great man, C. M. left more than memories behind. His business and his historical collection remain as symbols of the way he drove himself, relentlessly and with unselfish purpose.

As recognition of the city's appreciation, there stands a school named for him at Peterborough and Cass Avenues, and a

tree that was planted in his memory outside the Main Library.

Perhaps the most enduring monument to the memory of Clarence Monroe Burton is the Burton Historical Collection of the Detroit Public Library, which each year is more appreciated by the citizens of Detroit and by a growing number of historians and writers throughout the country. Here is his original library, gathered between 1874 and 1914, plus thousands of fine items made possible by City appropriation and by the \$50,000 Endowment Fund set up by him during his lifetime, and trebled by the Detroit Library Commission's investments. To his gift to the City also have been added many special classes of materials already in the Public Library, and hundreds of books and groups of manuscripts given by an interested public.

The 250th anniversary of Detroit's founding, observed in 1951, sent hosts of researchers to the Collection's materials, and the official committee's first plans for the celebration were based upon the documentary evidence so wisely assembled by C. M. The cooperation between the Collection and the fast-growing Museum of the Detroit Historical Society fulfills a dream that Mr. Burton cherished during his later years. He hoped to see these two institutions working as one to preserve all of the source materials needed to convey to posterity a full picture of Detroit's past.

While the books, newspapers, maps, pamphlets and photographs in the Burton Library — now increased to over 175,000 items — were of great importance, it was the manuscript material that gave the gift its lasting significance. The citizens of Detroit and the scholars who wish to delve into the city's early history, are fortunate that so many records of our French period were rescued from oblivion, during the 1800's. It is but rarely that one can find examples of them now. Where would one turn to locate such treasures as these discoveries of C. M.: the Cadillac Papers mentioned earlier, including the fine document dated 1695 and bearing his seal, which settles a question often raised — the number of pearls in the crown forming part of the Cadillac coat of arms; the Pontiac Journal, kept

by a notary in the fort during the siege of 1763 — the wanderings of which alone make a fascinating story; the Cicotte Ledger, so called because it was kept in the Cicotte family for a long time, but really an official register containing lists, under the names of heads of families, of all the assistance — seeds, animals, tools, etc. — given by the French government in 1749 to the *habitants* settling here; the little Potier Account Book, 1733-1751, which was kept in a minute hand by Father Pierre Potier at the Mission for the Huron Indians near Sandwich; letters of Father Gabriel Richard; and the numerous small collections that relate to the earliest business transactions in Detroit!

Some French period papers have been given to the Burton Collection in recent years; for instance, those of several branches of the Campau family. Among these is the Belle Isle deed of 1768, with the belt of wampum given by Ottawa and Chippewa Indians who ceded the island to Lt. George McDougall. A fine group of the papers of John R. Williams (1782-1854) was bought by the Collection recently with some of the income from the Endowment Fund. They are business records in the main, and are important for the large number of French customers mentioned, with itemized accounts of their purchases between 1780 and 1812.

The records of military men associated with Fort Pontchartrain, Fort Detroit, Fort Lernoult, and Fort Shelby, as the post at Detroit was called in successive periods of its history, form a considerable bulk of material in the Collection. C. M. sought the orderly books of Generals Wayne and Winchester and of other leaders. Many of these he secured, but others are still lacking. One of Winchester's orderly books was bought by the Burton Collection a few months ago, and it is not unlikely that others are extant. A large group of the papers of Major Jacob Kingsbury, commandant of the fort in Detroit in 1810 and 1811, was acquired for the Burton Collection by the Friends of the Detroit Public Library. These papers contain much information that would have delighted C. M., and they arouse many conjectures as to what might have happened

if Kingsbury's health had permitted him to remain here longer and if the decision to surrender Detroit during the War of 1812 had been left to him instead of to General Hull.

The early years of the American period are represented by papers of the Governor and Judges, as a body and as individuals. Judge Augustus B. Woodward's papers show him to have been an extremely busy person who engaged in real estate business, drew up constitutions for clubs and societies, including the Detroit Ladies Society of 1818, and carried on other legal activities on the side.

Both during C. M.'s lifetime and since, the Collection has acquired important materials about the War of 1812; about the Civil War, and the part played in it by Michigan; and about World War I. However, the largest section of the Manuscript Division, as now set up in the Burton Historical Collection, is that containing the papers of statesmen, businessmen, clergymen and lawyers from 1837 to the present. The papers of William Woodbridge, C. C. Trowbridge, James Joy, Governor Austin Blair, Judge Solomon Sibley, General Alpheus Williams and the Reverend George Duffield, bring one to the eve of the automobile manufacturing era. And numerous other groups throw much light upon present day developments.

One of C. M.'s great interests was the registers of the earliest churches of Detroit. Those of St. Anne's Church, which he arranged to have copied and indexed, and "The Genealogies of French Families in Detroit," compiled for him in twenty-five typed volumes, by Father Christian Denissen, are invaluable for the history they contain of the earliest French settlers here. In addition to the transcripts of the St. Anne and the Assumption Church registers that he secured, the Collection now owns the records of numerous other churches, both Catholic and Protestant; some originals, and others handwritten, typewritten, or microfilm copies.

It is impossible to mention all of the categories, but no one achievement of the founder of the Burton Collection has meant more to users than his indexing of many of the holdings of his

library: the earliest Detroit newspapers; the first *City Directory*, for occupations; and numerous other works — a task of such magnitude that one wonders how one man could have done all of it. The tradition of indexing goes on and today the Burton Collection staff can locate in a few moments a biography of almost any Detroit or Michigan citizen of greater or lesser note, or a photograph of him needed as an illustration for a book. Authors all over the country write of their gratitude for this service.

C. M. would rejoice, if he were living, to see the signs of a great revival of interest in local history, following the year-long celebration of Detroit's 250th birthday, and he would surely feel a genuine satisfaction if he could see the tremendous use today of the library he gathered. Truly his influence did not cease with his death in 1932.

There have been found in the course of research more friends of C. M. Burton than he probably ever knew, for everyone who lived in his day claims him proudly as a friend and has nothing but good to say of him. He will go down in local history as bearing a genius as great as that of our own Henry Ford, and the aesthetic insight of a Thoreau or an Emerson.



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